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An ODE

ON THE

Birth-Day of his Royal Highneſs the PRINCE of *WALES*.

To the *PRINCESS*.

To the EARL *of* CLARE,

On his being Created DUKE of *Newcaſtle*.

AMINTOR *and the* NIGHTINGALE.

Written by Mr. *WELSTED*.

Neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina————
Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem. Hor.

LONDON:

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againſt *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*. 1716.

PREFACE.

THE following ſmall Poems were written to exert all the Force I was Maſter of, in Honour of the Royal Family. I have not thoſe Advantages from Fortune, which can give Authority to a Production of mine, as it comes from me: But as this is a time wherein our King and Country ask Aſſiſtances of all Kinds, and ſince I am ſo unhappy as to be able to Contribute no other Aid or Subſidy, but that of a Loyal Heart exerted in this manner; I thought I would not omit to do even that. I have, in a former Poem addreſs'd to Sir *Richard Steele*, deſcribed, as well as I could, the Great and Glorious Character of the King. In the Firſt of theſe, in which I was confined, by the Words being deſigned for an Entertainment of Muſick, I have endeavoured to celebrate, according to the Nature of an Ode, the Conduct of his Royal Highneſs the Prince, at the Battel of *Oudenard;* and I hope I may be forgiven, that I could not, out of the Duty and Zeal I have to the Royal Family, forbear writing that little Poem to the Princeſs. Theſe Attempts ought to be grateful to thoſe who wiſh well to the Royal Cauſe of the Houſe of *Hannover,* and equally abhor the Pretender. I ſhall never ſeek Reputation but on this Principle, and hope Providence may one time or other give me Opportunity of pleaſing and diſpleaſing, in inſtances of more Conſequence than that of Submitting the following Poems to the Cenſure of the Publick.

An ODE

For the PRINCE's BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHEN *Churchill* on *Onarda*'s Plain
The Powers of *Europe* led;
When Slaughter ſtalk'd on heaps of Slain,
And Virtue greatly bled:

II.

'Twas then the blooming Prince, ordain'd
By Fate to *Britain*'s Throne,
In Arms immortal Honours gain'd,
And won the Victor's Crown.

III.

His glitt'ring Steel he ſhook, and Vow'd
By CAROLINA's Eyes,
To ſtain it in his Rival's Blood,
And gain the deſtin'd Prize.

IV.

Britons, aſſert your Country's Cauſe,
The youthful Warrior cry'd;
You fight for Freedom and for Laws:
For thoſe your Fathers dy'd.

V.

Then ruſhing on, in Crowds of Foes,
Thro' Tracts of Death he ran;
His Courage with his Danger grows:
Hero, as ſoon as Man!

VI.

Whilſt he each dreadful Scene review'd,
His Rival hid his Head:
Whilſt he with graceful Wrath purſu'd,
The pale Impoſtor fled.

VII.

Behold *Britannia*'s promis'd Heir!
Behold him cover'd o'er
With all the glorious Duſt of War,
And ſtain'd with comely Gore!

VIII.
While Martial Sounds his Ear delight,
And rouze him as they ſwell;
Amidſt the Fury of the Fight
His wounded Courſer fell.

IX.
In that diſtreſs'd and dubious Hour,
All cover'd with Deſpair,
Alarm'd was *England*'s Guardian Power,
And ſav'd his Royal Care.

X.
Victorious Youth, to Greatneſs born,
The ſmiling Genius ſaid!
O fated, Empire to adorn,
And *Albion*'s Fame to ſpread!

XI.
Thy ſhining Virtues to reward,
And bleſs a Martial Land,
A Diadem thy Brow ſhall guard,
A Scepter grace thy Hand.

XII.
Let the glad Day, which gave Thee Light,
The Symphonies prolong:
While Poets thy great Deeds recite,
And *Oudenard*'s the Song.

XIII.
To Harmony and Fame that Day
Shall ever Sacred be;
And every Muſe devote a Lay,
To *Oudenard* and Thee.

To the PRINCESS.

O Born for Nations! *Britain*'s Joy confeſt!
A publick Bleſſing, and compleatly bleſt!
Whatever's lovely in the Female Race,
In her Unites with more than Female Grace:
Virtue leſs Awe aſſumes in Beauty's Seat,
And Wiſdom charms us in the Mien of Wit:

The

The Muſe is doubtful which ſhe firſt ſhall Sing,
The Prince's Wife, or Daughter of the King!
In her bright Life each Excellence is ſhown,
A Galaxy of Charms, the Sex in one.
So the rich Tree, in *Java*'s ſpicy Vale,
Revives the Air, and breaths in every Gale:
From her the Mace, the Cinnamon, and Clove
Diffuſe their blended Odours thro' the Grove:
The loaded Branch with copious Fragrance blooms,
And gives not ſimply one, but all Perfumes.

TO THE
EARL of *CLARE*,
On his being Created
DUKE of *NEWCASTLE*.

WHEN Fair *Aſtræa* to the Earth deſcends,
Parnaſſus wakes, and every Muſe attends:
Once in an Age the Goddeſs leaves her Skies;
Once in an Age we ſee a *Holles* riſe.
O born to equal thy Forefather's Fame,
And give new Luſtre to *Newcaſtle*'s Name!
That Gem not worn by thee, would ceaſe to Shine:
That Flower would Fade on any Stem but Thine:
In Alien Climes the drooping Vine decays,
And asks a ſofter Soil with warmer Rays;
But if her native *Latium* ſhe regains,
Her ſwelling Cluſters grace the fruitful Plains;
In her own Fields with beauteous Pride ſhe grows,
And in rich Streams the noble Vintage flows.

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AMINTOR *and the* NIGHTINGALE.

A SONG.

I.

AS in a blowing *Jaſmyn* Bower,
Where Envy's Eye could ne'er diſcloſe 'em,
Enjoying Ages in an Hour
Amintor lay in *Chloe*'s Boſom.

II.

A Nightingale renew'd her Song
In ſuch a ſad complaining Meaſure,
In Notes at once ſo ſweet and ſtrong,
Th' enchanted Grove was fill'd with Pleaſure.

III.

O lovely Songſtreſs, ſaid the Swain,
Thy idle Melody give over;
To me, alas, thou ſing'ſt in vain,
To me, a panting wiſhing Lover.

IV.

Thy ſweet Complainings now diſmiſs,
O heavenly, yet unkind Intruder;
Nor rob me of a gentler Bliſs,
To give me in its Place a ruder.

V.

When I am ſunk in *Chloe*'s Arms,
The ſofteſt Moment Love poſſeſſes;
E'en *Philomel* has loſt her Charms,
And Harmony it ſelf diſpleaſes.

VI.

Bright *Chloe* all my Powers employs,
And all beſides is fond Deluſion:
While ſhe alone compleats my Joys,
Variety is but Confuſion.

FINIS.

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